

so stands she next to
garaged Camry. Wood
radio intones *how tell Lady*

she smells? Now, Bartram
answering “Easy! Say
Jill-Ann you stink!

(More such areas than men:
who top you in PUTRID, not
Geography)” Takes “Forest-

Mist” from oily shelf, and prom-
ises “NO PEEK!” Then backs out.

“Maybe later?” she laughs,
coily pushing red thing down.